

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

february 2020



enola em Vaheer

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About the Cover: enola em Vaher was one of a kind and pictured in a self-portrait she painted. As the owner of the Chelsea Hotel, she came into contact with numerous artists and creative types, and they will all tell you of the impact she made on their lives, with her generosity, kindness, wit, support, and most of all, her love.



In Memoriam



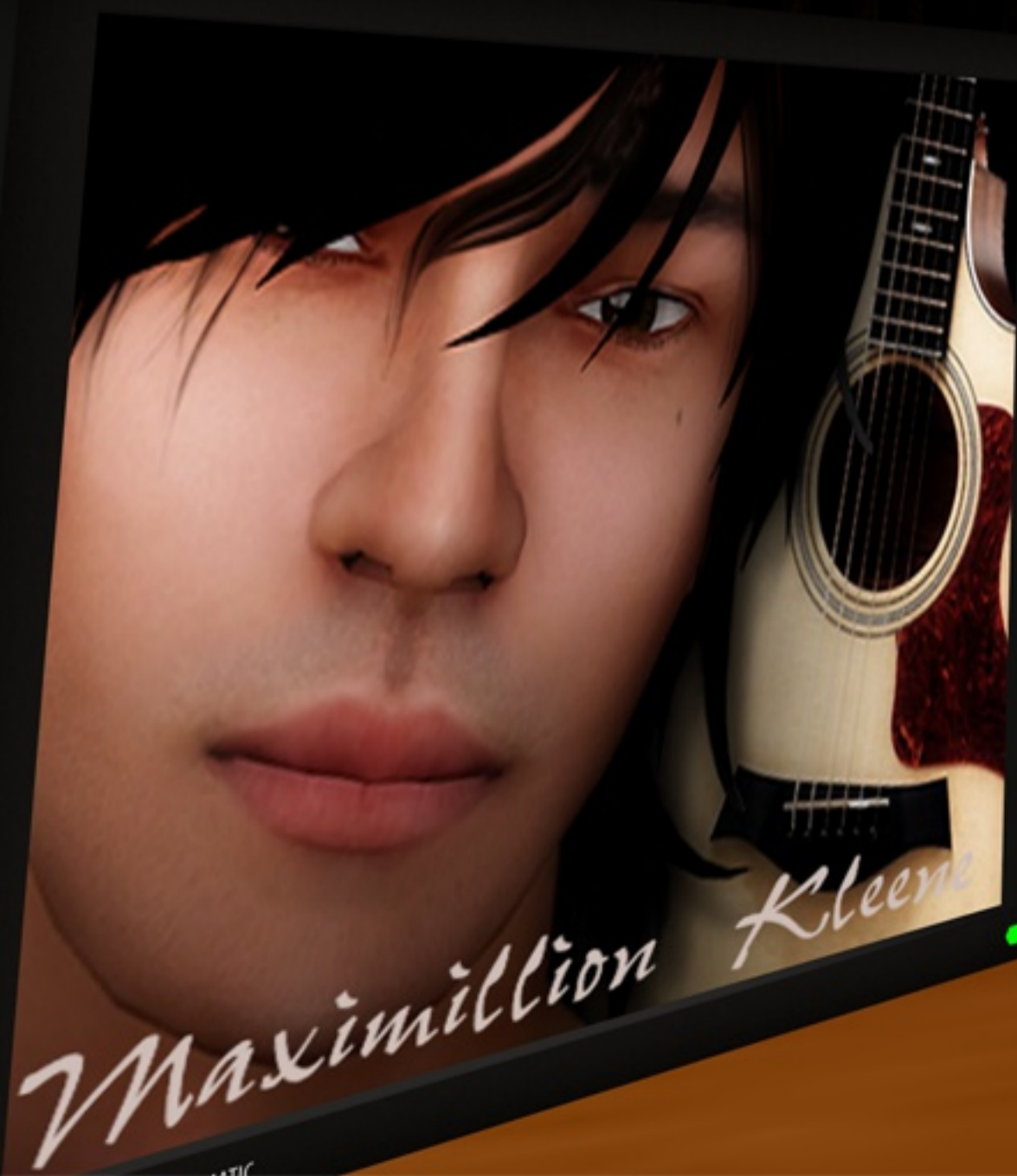
Join us in a musical celebration
of enola's life at the Chelsea
Hotel on Saturday, February 8th,
starting at noon.

Lanestris (128,183,104)



enola em Vaher

AFTER DA LOUNGE





AFTER DARK

— LOUNGE —

on Idle Rogue

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<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Lanestris/100/176/104>

enola em

Hope Bl



eed's


Hope bled again today
It was an ugly sight to see
Walking down the breezeway
And she tried to be nonchalant
When she saw the cool shade fall
She didn't know what to say
When she heard the banshees call
She found a needle in the street
And injected some reality
Stumbling on the deceit
On the impractical lie
Falling on the cold concrete
She lay there in the dirty slush
Waiting to become complete
Waiting for the world to turn
She realized as she lay in that blood
That she couldn't really die here
She lifted her face from the mud
And got up on her feet again
Hope bleeds most everyday
She is always falling down
But despite what most would say
She manages somehow



Tales of the Caravans



Cybele Moon



Seraí

with tributes to Oscar Wilde,
the Childe Ballads, Ozimandíás,
Scheherzade, and to the great
deserts and those who wander
on them. _

Thanks to the Story Warrior
Institute, _J. Hayduke and Asmira
McConnell, and all imaginary
realms, tellers of tales and dancers
on the sand.

Illustrations by CybeleMoon

The old man arranged his robes and sat by the fire. He dipped his flat bread into the communal pot and shared a meal with his desert hosts. Afterward as all looked toward him expectantly, he began to speak.....



As Salamu Alaykem!

I must tell you a story. It is one I heard while travelling through the far kingdoms, a tale of a beautiful woman called Roxanne Abal, who was known as The Desert Rose, and of a powerful warlord and king named Sa'ed, the lion of the dunes.

A mighty warrior of a powerful desert kingdom, Sa'ed ibn Fardin loved the fair Roxanne, daughter of a neighboring Amir. Her lips were the colour of pomegranates, her eyes had the light of two emeralds, her hair shone like golden wheat, and her skin was as radiant as an opalescent pearl.

Her only blemish was a birthmark

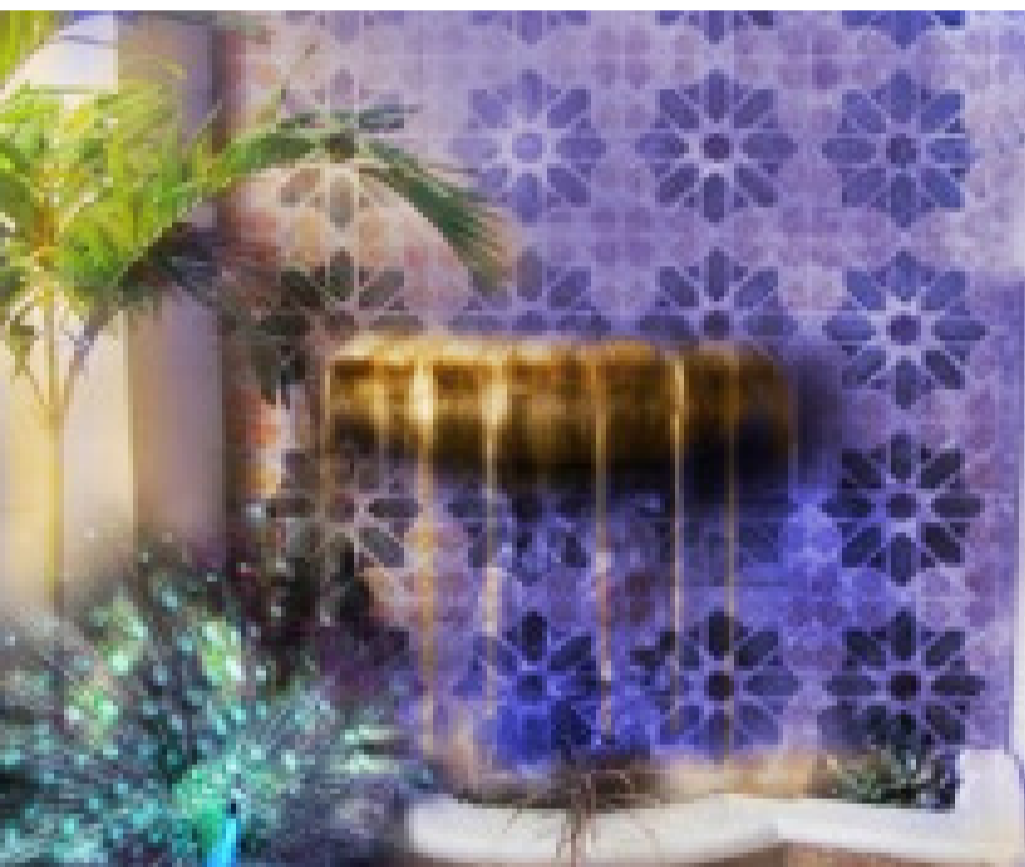


which glowed like a smouldering rose on the inside of her upper thigh. None, but her mother had seen this mark at her birth. It was with great apprehension and a sense of foreboding the woman had quickly covered the child up, uttering many prayers and supplications to keep away evil djinns and spirits. Yet in spite of her fears, her daughter's early years passed without incident and the child grew up in beauty, wit, and grace.

Although many sought her hand, Sa'ed paid a high bride price to her father, and even Roxanne seemed pleased with the match. Though her new husband was much older, she quickly became devoted to him and he in turn showered his young bride with many gifts of gold and jewels. He indulged her every whim, for his heart found great joy in her youth and charm, and they spent their nights in loving conversation and affectionate caresses.

The King was a righteous ruler as well

as a renowned warrior. He was often away defending his borders against brigands and administering justice throughout the desert tribes. His lovely consort he left to wander the palace and gardens alone with only her servants and guards for company. He had forbidden her to leave the palace, for he had enemies who might try and capture his precious prize to bargain for power or demand ransom.



It was always with eagerness and relief that he returned to find her waiting in the lush courtyard gardens, her arms like the petals of the rose opening to embrace him, and her sweet laughter spilling into the air like water from the tiled fountains. He was content.

However, time passed, and it was during these periods of his absence that Roxanne proved to be as false as she



was lovely. A restlessness inside her soul burned like the flame that stained her pale thigh, and she had begun to feel imprisoned and bored within the limits of the palace walls. She longed for a small adventure of her own. She finally decided to bribe some of her personal servants to aid her in a small and harmless ruse to disguise herself in the cloak of a serving girl. In this manner she was able to sneak away and visit the market place for a few hours without the ever watchful guards.

It happened on one of her market adventures that she spied a young man, a commoner who was an apprentice to a metalworker. His name was Hassan and he was as handsome and sure as if he were a prince of royal blood. She would pause at his stall pretending to adjust her shoe or cloak and they both would cast furtive glances at each other. She felt a stirring at the sound of his voice when he first addressed her.

He was also smitten and he began to watch for her as she made her way gracefully through the streets and market stalls of the Souq.



One day by the heat of the forge and while pretending to inspect his workmanship, she accidentally brushed up against him. It was then that the mark on her thigh truly caught fire, and her knees buckled. Afterward, the touchings became more deliberate. They were falling in love. They eventually planned an assignation at a deserted caravanserai in the nearby hills. There they could quench the fever that had begun to addle their faculties of reason and thus their fear of consequence. Roxanne had by now, revealed her deception to Hassan, but it was too late; their kismet had already been sealed.

What they did not know was that Sa'ed had a trusted slave who worked for him as a scribe and a keeper of his



accounts. He was a man so observant and astute that Sa'ed depended on him for information of the goings on in his court; such as who might be stealing amongst his servants or who might speak against the king while he was away. This slave was called Aziz, and Aziz had a seed of festering and grudging covetousness, a smoking ember in his heart which in time became a blaze of jealousy and longing. He dreamed of being a free man with prestige and wealth of his own. Thus he was only too happy to take on the mantle of spy and seek out what ever base deeds and calamities he could uncover that would enhance his own position and worth in the king's favour.



He became suspicious of his master's companion and began watching her closely. He eventually uncovered her ruse and stealthily followed her to her tryst. With his eye to a crack in the wall he saw Hassan and his master's bride engaged in their wild love play and locked in each other's embrace. The very room though dark, seemed to ignite around the lovers but whether by lamp or passion he could not tell.

To show the uncompromising loyalty of his embittered heart, Aziz was only too eager to tell his master of the infidelity. Whether it was in the hope of currying some greater favour or prominence, or of at last winning his freedom I do not know except that he desired both. He sent a courier to reach Sa'ed's caravan with a plea for him to return at once as treachery was afoot. When Sa'ed arrived at the palace Aziz revealed Roxanne's adultery. At first the king disbelieved but finally Aziz described the birthmark no one else but her mother and himself had seen, and so Sa'ed had no choice but to accept the word of his reliable slave.

A black rage descended over his mind and Sa'ed felt his chest ripped open as if in the talons of an eagle. His heart became an inferno of pain and wrath which devoured all sanity.

He ordered the personal servants whether guilty or innocent to be

summarily executed. He had the apprentice Hassan arrested and tortured, and after confessing to the crime, the ill-fated youth was dragged before him and the faithless, weeping Roxanne. In spite of her plea for mercy Hassan was slaughtered like a dog with one stroke of the sword in front of all present. Although the grief stricken Roxanne begged forgiveness and tore her hair in woeful penitence, it was commanded that her unblemished thigh bear the brand of slave and harlot, and with that curse of burning shame she was sold to a passing Numidian caravan that very night.

As for Aziz, he had misjudged his master greatly and he was borne no gratitude for his revelation. The king granted him the freedom he had sought with such desperate diligence, but first it was ordered that Aziz be blinded in the offending eye that had seen what was not to be seen and his tongue cut out that had spoken the unspeakable. He was allowed the clothes on his back, and after being given a horse and a bag of coin he was escorted to the city gates to be turned out and banished forever.

~~~~~

Roxanne has long since disappeared into anonymity or death, whether in the harims or the slavery of powerful men, I know not. In the ensuing years Sa'ed

became ruthless and cruel, and though he took wives as he pleased, he had forsworn love from that fateful day forever. His servants and subjects alike feared him. The once beautiful gardens became fallow and the fountains crumbled and dried up.

I later heard that he had become careless and was gored to death by a wild boar on a hunting expedition. At least that is what his servants said although amongst some there were whisperings of an assassination.



I further heard that in the months preceding his death, he had been detaining the caravans that passed by the city gates. He was overheard asking all wayfarers, traders and strangers if any in their travels had come across a woman of surpassing beauty who bore the mark of a flaming rose on her thigh, but the answer had long been lost in the seductive dance of

an oasis mirage and in the mournful wail of the dunes as they are created and destroyed by the desert winds.

In those last days he was seen standing ever watchful on his palace walls, his eyes searching the shifting shapes of the landscape, until the day folded silently into the dark and hungry cloak of the desert night.

I cannot help but think that whatever the manner of his death it must have come as a welcome release from the torment and thirst of his parched soul.

And still the caravans in ancient procession and on unknown quests, journey by the towns and oases. They pass over old stones and forgotten temples, many of which lie buried beneath the desert that ultimately claims them all.

Aziz still wanders the hills and villages, a half-witted, half blind and dumb beggar, muttering wordless prayers and curses, but he too will be gone soon, dissolved into the pitiless sands, and when I am gone, perhaps another poor wanderer will tell the tale until he is gone, and all will fade like a shadowed dream into the dust of the desert winds, as do all the vanities and deeds of men.

These are my words and so, ya a sadiqa, beware! Love is a chain of



misfortune and madness, but a vengeful wrath is a funeral pyre that when spent leaves only the crumbling bones of sorrow and regret in its bitter ashes – but let our own hearts be unfettered like the wind, wild and free!!

*Inch 'Allah!*



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# Shuǐ

(Ink W)

by Fio

Come visit the Shui Mo exhibit at F  
Dreams (149, 41, 2554). If viewing  
machinima of the work. If viewing  
If you like the video, please click “S



# Mò

(ash)

## FionaFei

FionaFei's gallery located inworld at  
online, click on the poster to view a  
inworld, search FionaFei in YouTube.  
subscribe" and leave a comment.

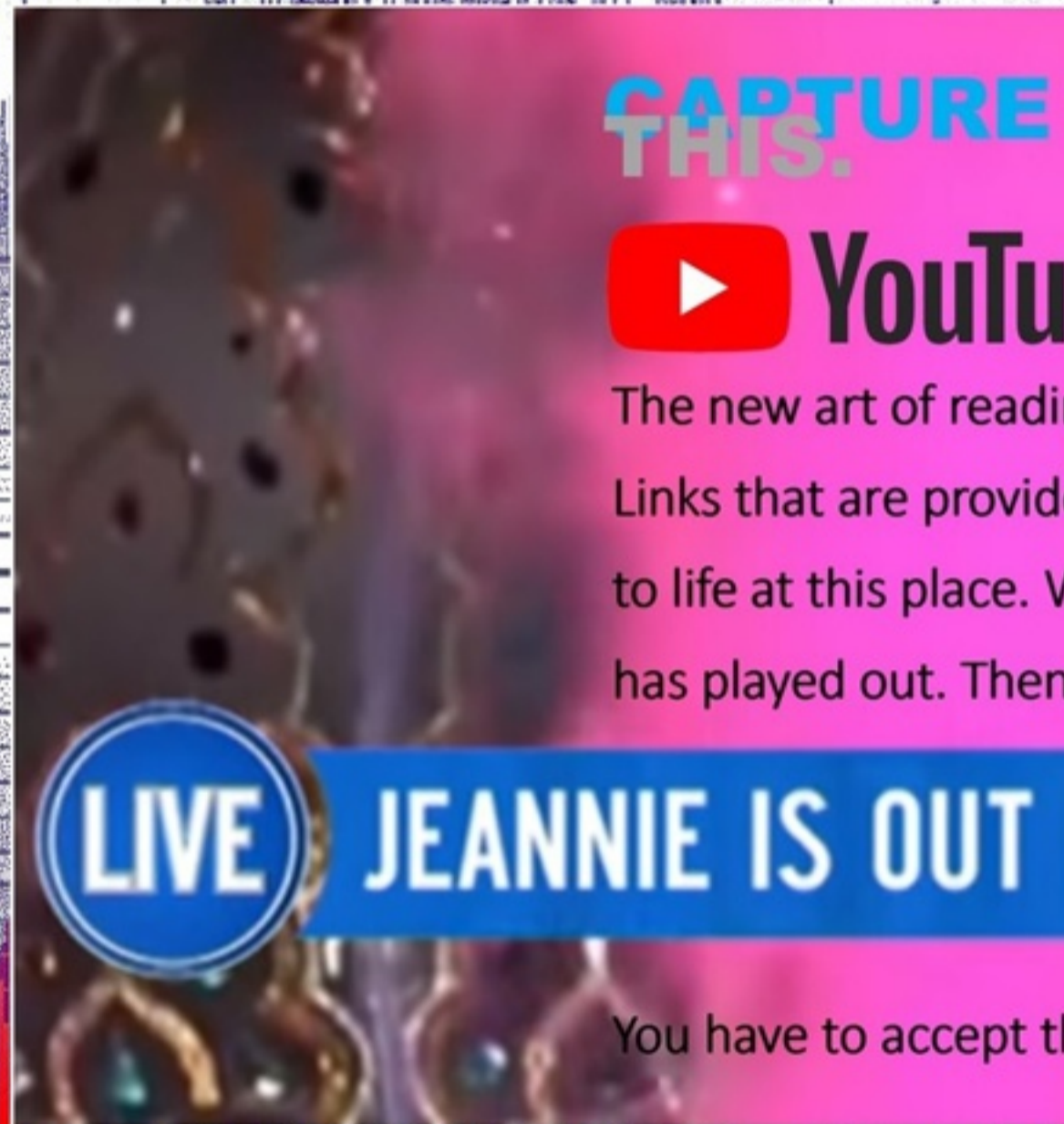


h o t o g r a p h y

j a m i m i l l s

# CAPTURE THIS.

by Game Cat VR



Enforcing the TOS of Art.

be

ng is born.

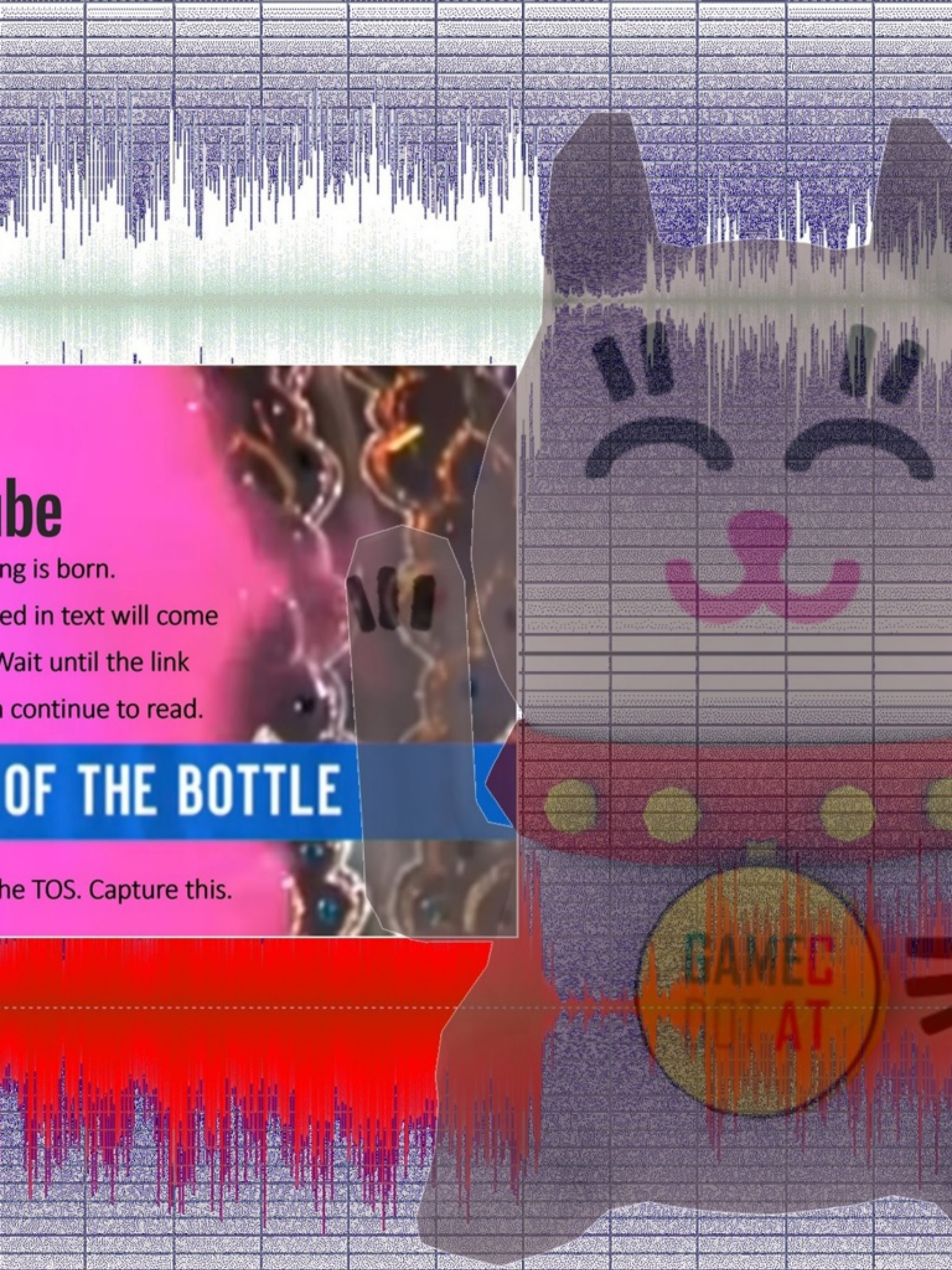
ed in text will come

Wait until the link

continue to read.

OF THE BOTTLE

he TOS. Capture this.



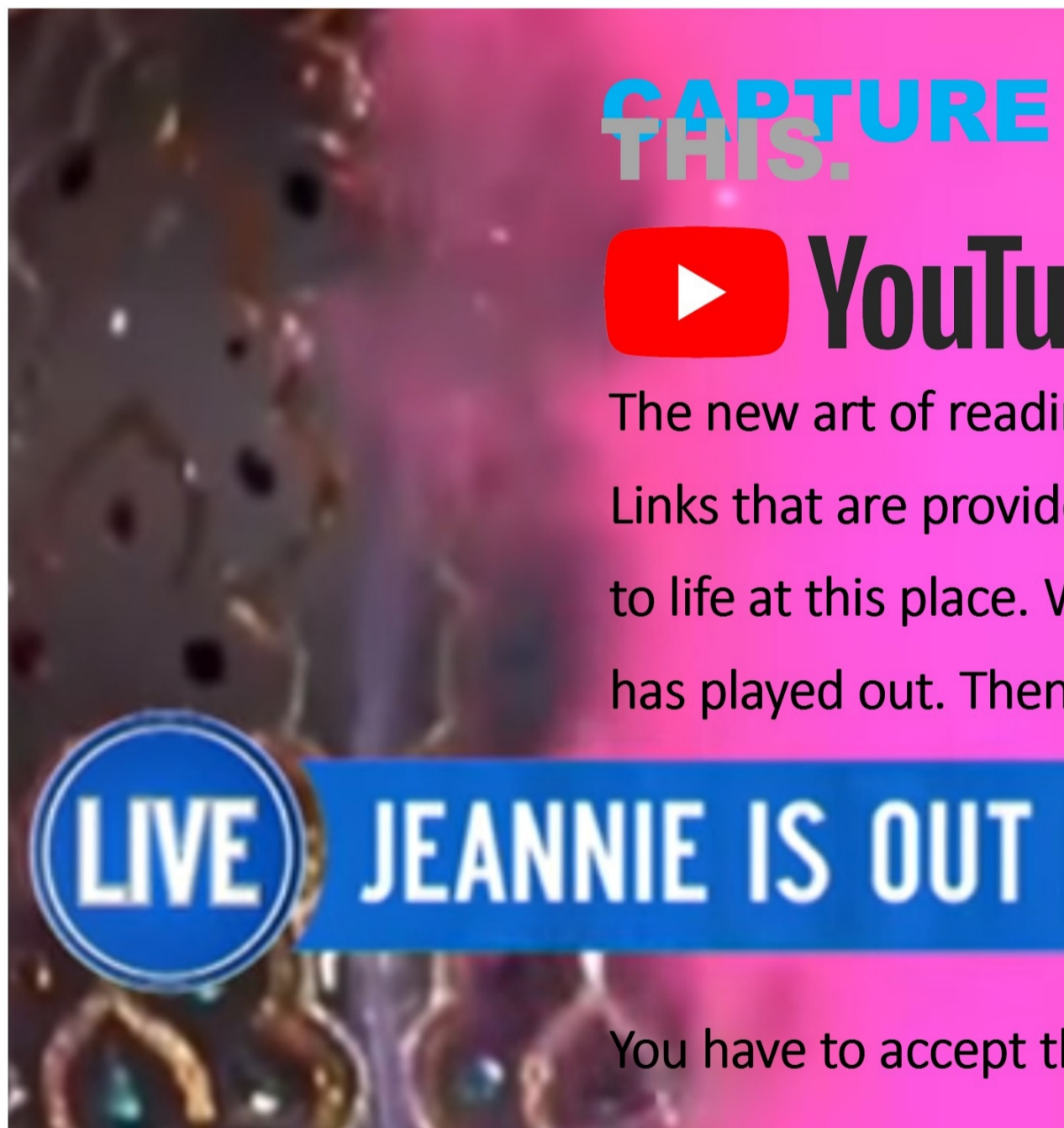
**I** magine there is a user walking along a corridor seeking desperately for a door to open so to grow in understanding the world. The user knows the alphabet. Each day the user is stepping forward, eating the alphabet, devouring characters. Freely. Nevertheless, the life of the user is programmed. You are a book. A book for the user. You are printed onscreen, published on issuu. The user turns page by page, takes line by line. You call the user a reader. You feel sorry for the reader. There is so much more in the world than characters onscreen. But the user does not know this. Walking along and eating the lines is all the user knows. Nevertheless, some users believe that there must be more.

Now I step in and the world of the user changes. I give the user ears. Now the user hears. I give the user eyes. Now the user sees. I am the Game Cat. I open a door in the middle of the printed screen. Walking along and stepping forward gets a new meaning. You open one door after the next. You can show light. You can show darkness. Capture this.

## The Darkness And The Light

The new art of reading is born. Links that are provided in text will come to life at this place. Wait until the link has played out. Then continue to read.

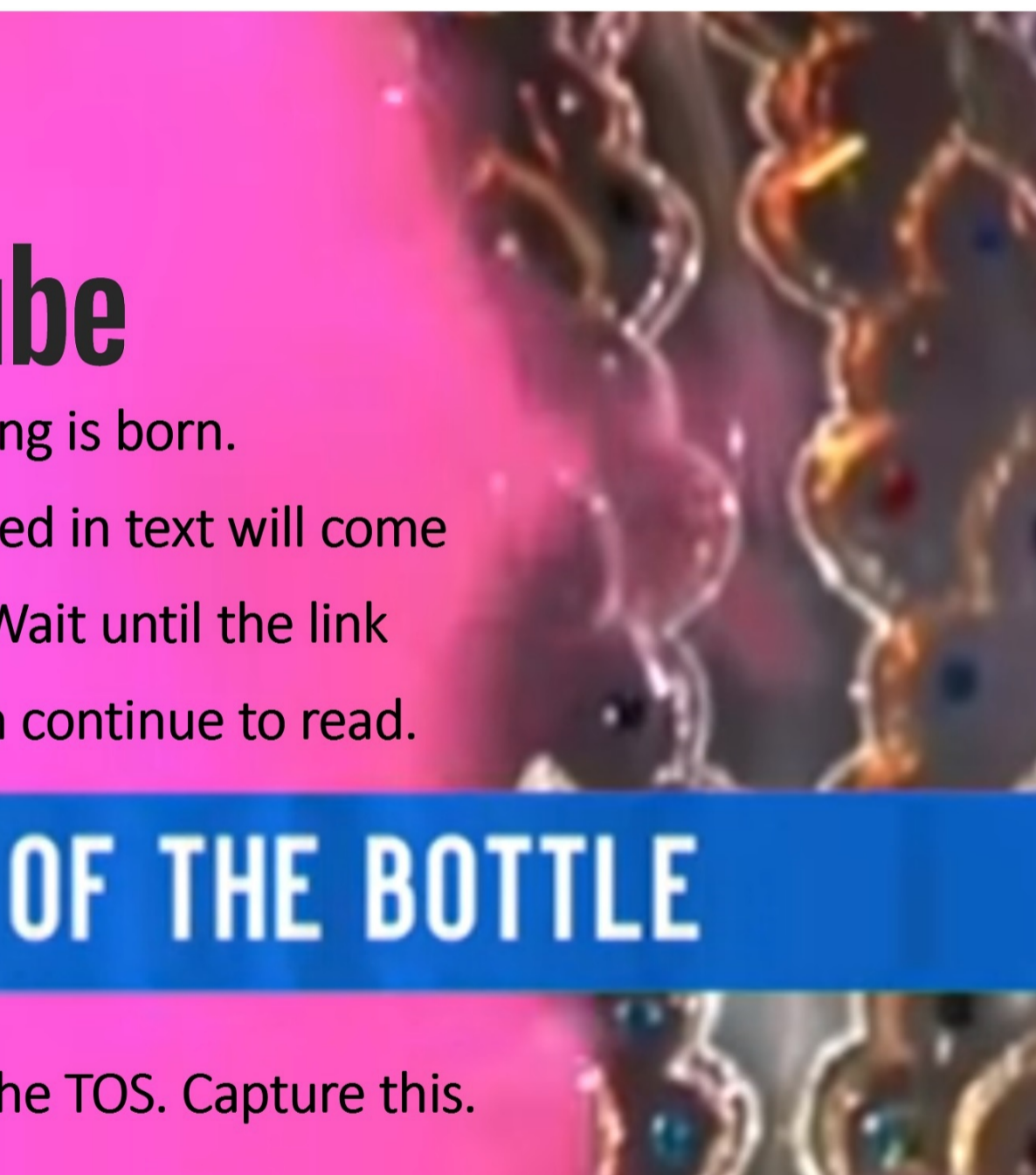
You have to accept the TOS.



Beginning with *EX dot G.* and *The Afterlife*, Art Blue starts a new concept of reading on screen, turning reading into living. I am the Game Cat. I am reborn from Vurt. The art of reading has changed. Words move to sounds,

sounds move to pictures, pictures rez the sky. Capture this. Capture this is available on screen print. Sadly, it can't be enforced on paper print. In virtual worlds this form of an art experience works best. So there is proof that the concept for the afterlife works.

the magic of the 90th. Crash & Burn. The point of no return. This has been my big time, when people have been able to dream reality. Time gone by 25 years. Now I live in VR. Dreams are no longer needed for reality. Reality can be substituted by reading *rez Magazine* in issuu. Capture this.



Now click on the following link - and let the music in the middle of your screen play. And yes Jeannie will soon reach out for you, but right now not in this teaser.

Capture this: <https://youtu.be/xSsMU4M5bII>.

Wait until the music has finished, then click on the text to go on reading. That's the TOS of the stories of Art Blue. You have to agree before you begin to read. Don't skip the music. Capture this. You need it for the story to unfold in your brain. You need it for the Afterlife. Capture this.

Capture this: <https://youtu.be/W6b8eD1JL4>.

Game Cat was the light. Game Cat VR is the light. Capture this.

The importance of what is happening makes me say things again. I am the reborn Game Cat from Vurt. Vurt is

· r — e — z ·

# Mayo Clinic Has (Back) In Second Barbie Starr

MAYO CL

INFORMATION

as Your Heart  
nd Life

INNIC

February is known for being “Heart” month. I really wanted to find something in Second Life that involved the heart. Last year I wrote about One Billion Rising, the organization that educates people about Domestic Violence Against Women. This year I wanted to showcase something that had to do with the Heart. So I went into the wilds of Second Life to see what nonprofit organizations support cardio-vascular issues and other problems of the heart. This was all in hope of writing a nice article about a heart organization in this issue of rez. My investigation led me to a very small corner of the grid where many Residents have not dared to go: two sims with a hospital and other resources. This small corner has a very large heart. Before my eyes, in all its glory, stood the replica of The Mayo Clinic as it almost looks in the real world.

The real world Mayo Clinic was founded in September of 1885. It was started by Dr. William Worrall Mayo, who came to live in Rochester, Minnesota in 1864, where he was appointed as examining surgeon for the military draft board during the American Civil War. He opened a medical practice as a sole proprietorship. His two sons, William Jr. and Charlie, eventually joined the practice along with quite a few other doctors. Dr. Mayo retired at the age of

73 and his clinic strived and grew. The two sons invited other doctors to join them. Stinchfield, Graham, Plummer, Millet, Judd, and Balfour were all partners in the clinic along with the Mayo brothers. As the practice continued to grow, it needed more space and in 1914, the partners developed a plan and designed a new clinic. Before 1919, the clinic was a for-profit organization. This changed when the Mayo brothers donated the property and a significant portion of their wealth to the development of Mayo Properties Association, which later became the Mayo Clinic Foundation. The Mayo Clinic Foundation became a nonprofit organization in 1920. In 1980, the historic building was demolished and the new building was erected.

As I strolled around and took in the place, I found many resources here supporting the clinic. I was particularly looking for information about the heart. I find that there are some nonprofits in Second Life, but I have not found anything to do with heart organizations, other than the Mayo Clinic. Though it has a lot to offer in the medical world, it does offer medical treatment for heart disease, though keep in mind the clinic is versed in many areas of medicine. One of the many facets of the Mayo Clinic is a whole cardio-vascular area of expertise. People who need help in the

cardio area should look this up and utilize the resources.

From this point on, if you are interested in knowing more, please check out the information and websites listed at the Mayo Clinic sims on the Second Life Map. Just search for Mayo Clinic and there are two you can go and check out. Today there is in the real world the Mayo Clinic and for centuries this clinic and its professional staff has been helping people with a variety of health issues.

Inworld, you can find a great replica of the real-life building. There are kiosks around that give out information about the three websites you can use for references. As I did go looking around the website, I found their cardiovascular information here: <https://www.mayo.edu/research/centers-programs/cardiovascular-research-center/overview>. There is also a bookstore on the sim where you can get a list of books and information on various topics. There is also a group you can join that was established by the person in Second Life who is the



in-world representative. His name is Svea Morane. He established the Mayo Clinic in SL and is the group's coordinator. The Mayo Clinic is known world-wide for its research, education, and development of new and innovative surgery to help heart patients.

The Mayo Clinic has a presence in Second Life because it believes that virtual worlds hold many opportunities to educate and help people without having any geographical boundaries. When visiting the sim, I saw some really nice things. The clinic has some beautiful scenery, and there is a section of the lobby where you can get books. I noticed a reference to a heart book, so I tried to get it, but it seems that it no longer exists. So I did a little Google search for it and found it! The doctor who wrote it had updated it with a second edition. Adjacent to the lobby is a lower level that you could walk down into and there was a piano there with a statue of the human body, exquisitely done. Outside were many beautiful areas with sculptures and pathways. If you go there, be sure to check out Charlie's place. It's dreamy. I did not get a picture of it in order to leave you with something to explore on your own. The east conference center was also a point of interest for me, as it seems to be a place to get educated as a group, with a video screen set up. I continued to explore

and ran into some other building there that I couldn't quite get to, but it had a nice look, so I snapped a picture. Seemed like a little library on the top of that building.

What I found was that it could probably use more support from the Second Life community to help it be more present. This is another call for action on your parts to make the world a better place. The Mayo Clinic is a great organization and it should be recognized in Second Life just like it is in the real world. As you know, Second Life is just that, a second life, and your real life comes first. So sometimes people who want to do things inworld get too busy outside in the real world and need help in Second Life from those who have the time. I am sure many of you have had people in your families and friends who have had heart issues. If you have some time, and a desire to give a bit of your heart, get the word out about the Mayo Clinic to those in Second Life who are in need. A lot of people really don't know of this great resource they can utilize. If you want to help someone who has heart problems and needs information, this is the place to send them. Until we meet again like this, Barbie Starr, signing off.

· r — e — z ·

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EX dot G / T



# The Afterlife

## Art Blue



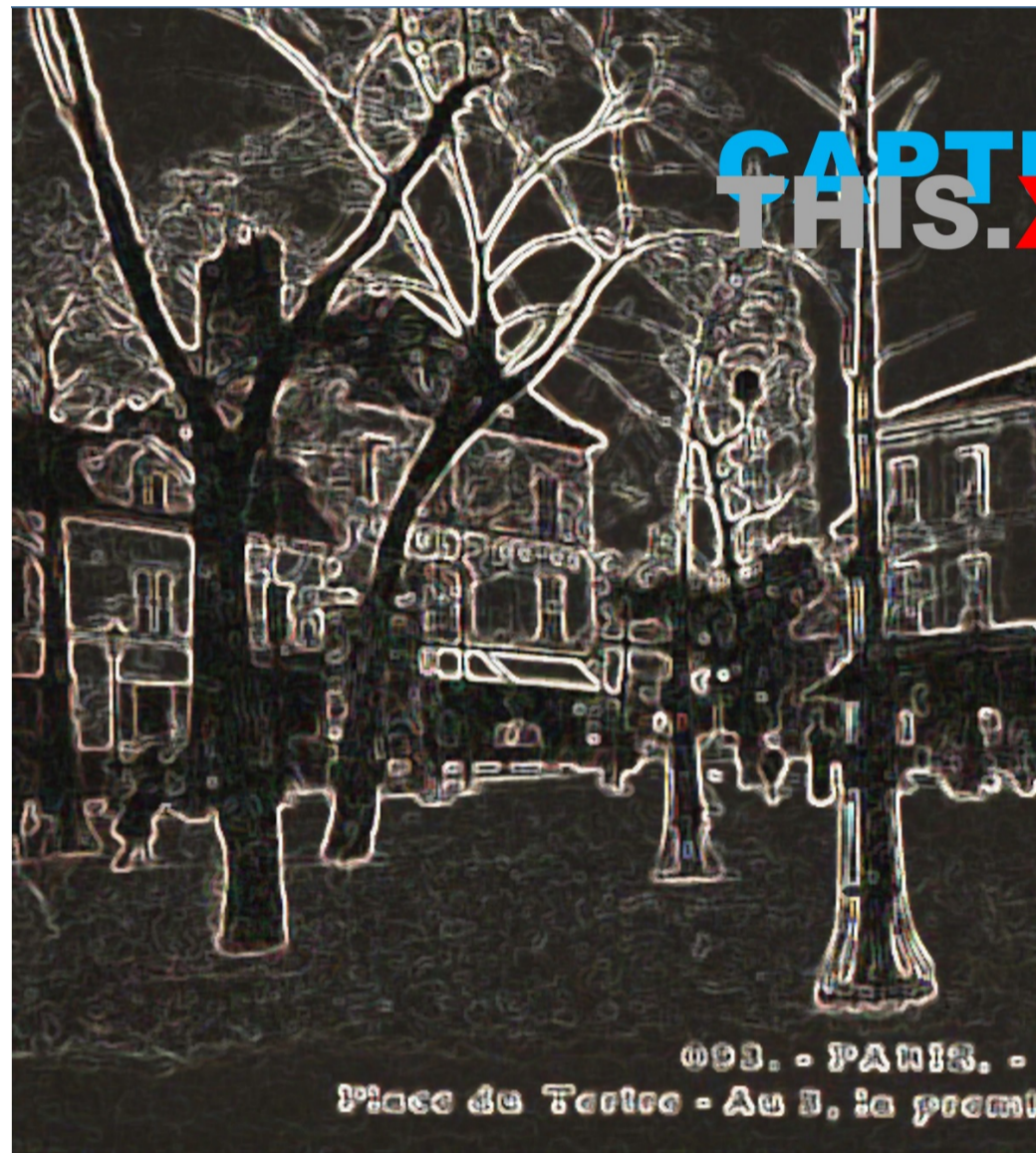
picture by SriMesh  
Wikipedia

I am sitting in a bus and I am constantly monitored. I am sleeping. I got an injection to fall into a dreamlike state of mind. I reached an age of 182 years. I know the nurse is watching over me. There is a reason that I took the bus to travel to the Johns Hopkins Hospital. They are printing a new heart for me. I donated, of course anonymously, \$10,000,000, saying, "This heart has to be printed immediately." I sent a SWAT team to ensure that actions will be enforced if there are questions upcoming. There have been no questions.

Life could have been so easy if my factory in Peninsula Bay would not have been bombed. Since XR teamed up with the Clan of Brotherhood, they have weapons of all kinds. Not that they show them openly. They deny that they have any. They say, "There are some bad apples in each organization, but they have nothing to do with us. We are acting invasively, but we are no terrorists. We respect the law." What law they don't say. The law of the fittest, the law of the strongest? I know exactly how this law feels. They copied the LUKRUM manifest, just they are not LUKRUM. I am LUKRUM, the founder and main shareholder. In fact, I am the only shareholder left. All others are gone, taken over by some shadow companies I control.

I am in the bus with 48 other people. Students, single mothers with children, retired persons, veterans, migrants. I need to blend in. That's not as difficult as it seems. My face was last seen in public 95 years ago. I mean my real face.

I created a myth based on EX dot G.



For what EX dot G stands depends on your viewpoint. Ex Global, Ex Greta, Ex God. It is the New Religion, the Extended G. This was fitting me for long. I know how to finance institutions whose aim is to destabilize the world's natural order. For long I had to virus them, to hack them. Raise their key faces to Gods but keep

control of them. You may ask, "What if they don't cooperate? What then? They are Gods." Things do not happen how you think. I don't let them fall. I let them look boring. So they never rise again. That's what the media industry is for. Industry has to take leadership over governments – and over Gods. The media industry is the



one that makes fake code and makes code fake. The Code must flow. I am sure you know the saying from planet Dune that "the spice must flow." We know from the House of Atreides that to control the spice means to control the universe. The Guild navigators use spice to bend space and time. I am on Earth. Instead of spice, I inject code. I

inject Substance-D, Yurt, NZT-48. The Senate, the House of Republicans, the Vatican -- the list is endless -- they are all on drugs, my drugs. In the movie MARS, which I watched as a child, the Russian administration was taken over by LUKRUM. That was fiction at that time.

The Clan of Brotherhood is a different thing. They don't care about money. They don't care about profits. They carry elements of an inquisition. Not that I don't know what this means. I know Eisenhower. I know Ravenor. Each religion has its pattern to play. It is time that changes a religion. The Sand Bible has a beautiful line on this, that time runs, "like a steady flow of bit coins down the Crater Lake of Oregon ..."

Over decades, EX dot G was growing nicely. Here a temple, there a skyscraper to protest, all buildings climate neutral. At the end, the religious leaders were as rotten as any administration.

The Brotherhood called for true Extinction. They erased the G. "There is no God," they claim and set EX in as their logo. I am their frontman, the bad guy they focus on. "He is old enough to die," they shouted when the message was aired that my organ factory was bombed. Now I don't have the replacement I need at hand. Of a

sudden, my heart experienced some malfunctions. The replacement was already scheduled for delivery, but the bombing crossed my plans. That's why I am now heading to Johns Hopkins to get a replacement there. I will check in as J.J. Doe. "Everything shall be fine," my nurse says.

\* \* \*

The owl is sitting on my shoulder. I wonder why the owl is silent, why his eyes are closed. I say into the mirror, "Neruval speak." But the owl does not say a word, does not move, does not open eyes. I see the nurse coming. She looks old. I say, "What happened?" She says, "That's the mirror. I am running on natural age. Today is my last day." She steps toward me. She looks at me directly. I see her for the first time not through the mirror. She is a machine. "Want to know the truth?" I nod. She takes a syringe and fills it with some gibberish substance. "I think I understand," I say, "There is code in it." The nurse nods and injects the substance in the owl. I cry out. "No!" The owl moves, comes to life, opens its eyes. I say, "Neruval?"

Neruval makes a sound only an owl can make, ruffles his feathers as though getting prepared for a hunt, then says, "It is time that you know the truth. You are asleep in the bus. The bus will never arrive. You will never

get a new heart." I gasp, but I say noting and the owl goes on. "Your brain is no longer biological. I uploaded it 35 years ago to the cloud. The Brotherhood did not destroy your organ factory. They infected the cloud. I am sorry. All I could do is to upload you to your beloved bus, which you happily used in your youth to travel



around the world at slow speed, where you wrote beautiful stories about the future. You can do this now endlessly."

I listen to the lyrics of Lights of Euphoria, *True Life*. [https://youtu.be/ABVEgL\\_uMbk](https://youtu.be/ABVEgL_uMbk)

The bus never stops.

“True life begins behind the border that exists inside your head. You will never reach deep waters. If you do not change yourself ...”

I write my first story for *After Rez*. I call it *Afterlife*. Here my story.

\* \* \*



## Afterlife

“Wake up. Time to code.” I hear her, the stamping with her feet on the floor to give her words an echo. My head feels more like it’s time to die than to code. I feel like Frozen Plasma.

<https://youtu.be/GiT-FRHLTOg>

“Eh. A hangover from the party?” she laughs. I move the blanket a bit higher so my shoulders are covered under it.

“It’s cold,” I say.

“You need fresh air,” she grumbles. I notice the window stands wide open, a fresh breeze shooting in like a grenade for my lungs.

“I gave you already a shot.” She shows me the needle with the empty syringe.

“A full shot?” I ask, seeing that there is just a tiny left over of the green substance in it.

She says, “Pong,” snapping with her fingers. ‘Let us play Pong’ fills the room. I hate the game when green boxes bounce in the room and the players are musicians playing ping-pong to the sounds they make. At the end when it is time ‘To play again,’ they act like in a karaoke show immersing themselves in the game. Nevertheless, this game was my breakthrough.

<https://youtu.be/cNAdtkSjSps> [Pong]

I give up and start Swordcoder. You can’t discuss anything with a nurse; not with such a type of a woman. A cat woman. A gamer. An influencer. A

code tamer.

I hear the song *Frozen Plasma* by Age after Age when I drift into the stage of Substance D, the green drug. A cat knows kindness is needed when it's time to code. So I listen to the song before the drug takes me in.

## Substance D

I know how Substance D acts in the human brain. It is a container providing energy in waves, like psyching for the soul, water for the fish, oxygen for the extreme climber or -- a picture I like the most -- like a fan for a bird in a cage. Substance D is the container for the brain that is willing to bend the universe. A reader who is right now about to enter this new world might need a simpler picture, one that rifts the horizon just gently, so I say, Substance D is the Start of something new.

Listen to Chrome - *The Start of Something New* and then you are where you will meet me.

<https://youtu.be/iUsmxlmnWGo>

Medicine has a different view about containers. They like to use a workaround. They know well that to put a human in a container is not what one likes to hear. The Free Will Theorem. A human is defined by Free

Will. On the other hand, by the Lords of Kobol, where is the Free Will when you read the official clinical description? Let me quote words from the Johns Hopkins Medical Journal where the side effects are stated. Substance D can cause, "... a brain hemisphere separation, a development of alternate personalities that aren't



aware of one another ...” - - in simple words, paranoia. You see, humans can fall into this state by using a recreational hallucinogen.

Like to listen to the spoken version of *Warning Label*? It was recorded by Dieselboy.

<https://youtu.be/QPqEZaUB-hk>

Whatever you think about when you take your share of Substance-D, I have my personal opinion on it. Maybe this makes the games I develop so special.

Today I have to develop a new game. “What else?” you say. A game



developer has to develop games. The words of the nurse might still echo in your mind. The last one I finished a month ago and Boxing Day was yesterday. That was what the party was about: to celebrate the launch of *VR Symphony*, a sequel of *Q Symphony* that creates .....

“A new one it has to be,” were the last words of the nurse echoing I heard before I dosed in, repeating them now.

Did you notice the Master Yoda in me? That I turn words into a sentence so you feel to be drawn out of the box? A game good it shall be for the young Padawan.

“Patience, young Padawan,” I say, when he rezzes next to me seeing him instantly starting the games generator.

“Master, I am here to learn from you,” he says and makes a bow. I nod to him. Gone are the days where Jeannie emanated -- we did not say rezzing in those days. Those days are history, but not for me. Just the opposite. As time moves on, I see the past more clearly as the future. I miss her greetings, “My Master, how can I make this day pleasing for you?” In the episode *Jeannie Is Out of The Bottle*, she blurred my vision and said to my colleague, “It is rather nice to have him this way where he cannot look at other girls.” But in the blink of an eye, she resets my vision to 20/20 superhero. I recreated Barbara Eden, but I am supposed to use her only for conferences about the Anthropocene, the first steps into a digital life.

<https://youtu.be/evP2XzDYnFI>

Maybe I will tell you later how it came

with females during the time of game development. So young Padawan is it. I say, "Create a three to three check plate for the base of the game," and I add some instructions to the generator, environment, textures, surfaces, a setting fitting to the world I have in mind. Since the game generators are running in a network that maps with Google Map, the game will look different depending on where it is played. I say, "Montmartre, Place du Tertre" and instantly the 3x3 check board young Padawan created is rezzed in the middle. Montmartre, which you surely know, is a most famous park in the centre of Paris. "Sunshine at late afternoon?" young Padawan says, and I nod. In an instant, the environment settings are applied and the sun is shining nicely. Because the Place du Tertre is at this time of day mostly busy with stands of artists who want to sell their paintings, as a consequence there is not much free space. You may oversee. In the creation of a game, you have some options that you don't have as a user. I just let it rain before, so heavily that all the stands closed.

It does not take long and some players arrive. They are matched perfectly. The concept is old. It comes from Fortnite. Depending on place and time, there might be some more play fields needed. I check out and say to young Padawan, "Not more than five," and he brings up the requested

additional game plates.

There is a kid running from the playground nearby shouting, "I want to take part in the play. Is it Tick, Tack, Toe?" and her mother runs after her, saying out of breath, "Let the men play. It is their after work time to play here." But one of the older men says,



"Madam, she may move the stones for me." Then he makes a pause, known as a theatrical pause, "If you may let her play, Madam." And the kid, a girl, jumps up, "Yes, please let me move the stones for Grandpa." The mother's face turns pale, her eyes in shock. Then getting back to normal, she steps toward the old man and whispers, seeing her child already busy in action

to set the stones for the play in a row, “Her grandfather died recently and the Oracle told her that he might be reborn, hidden in an old man’s shape wearing specific items.”

She points at a medal the man wears, “Maybe she has seen this. Her grandpa had a similar one.” It looks like the old



man is a fast thinker as he instantly speaks to the girl, “Marie, the first stone shall be on B2 in the middle.” The girl had placed her rucksack from school next to the chess board. I see the name Marie rezzed on it, thanks to the speed of game machine, so to avoid an upcoming flaw of uncanniness. The young Padawan has changed his shape to invisible. Never interfere in a

running game, is one of the rules. Of course, I keep seeing him. I am his Master. The game goes on, and after about an hour we are at the finals. Only two players left. The old man, with Maria as his helper, and me. I play a banker, close to retirement, just relaxing with a glass of wine in the park playing the game. The girl called it Tick, Tack, Toe.

The algorithm was long ago published. I downloaded it from the app, *The Unbeatable Tick, Tack, Toe*, from the Google Playstore and set the level on beginners, so there is a chance to win against me, to place three stones in a row correctly. But now in the finals, shall I set it to professional? Marie will not win; no one can beat me then. It is the code, you know. I am God, The God of Games. I can do as I like. I sigh. Young Padawan says, “Let them win,” and I hear Marie shouting, “We won, we won!”

I look at young Padawan, “You did well. It will be a good addition to section D in the game store. What you think about a title, like *Rebirthing of Grandpa?*”

Young Padawan replies, “Parents guided and for kids over 6 years would be needed to state.”

. r — e — z .



conquer  
cat boccaccio

Beth wondered how much to tell him, as she snuggled close, her arm draped over his waist and her middle finger idly stroking his breast bone while he slept.

It wasn't love. It wasn't just lust, either, exactly. It was an almost Zen contentment, a match, a yin and yang, a yearning perfectly met. Theirs was a playful relationship, without intimacy, but with good food and fun and flirting and far too long in bed. Beth was reeling from the intoxication of it, she walked just a bit above ground, she was just a bit too forgiving, a bit too ready with a smile that couldn't be contained.

There was no reason she should feel ashamed of anything in her past. Ok, her military husband left her for a man while she was pregnant. Ouch that did hurt, but didn't really reflect on her, since in the end she was well rid of the bastard.

A single mom then, basking in the attentions of a rich man, who some might say bought her "services". She didn't look at it that way. Roman was lovely, attentive, in love, and Beth was young and desperate and tired of the struggle. Who could condemn her for that?

And Deborah. Beth had never really approved of Deborah's husband, Vincent, but Deb was like her father— there was no stopping her when she wanted something. They shared a healthy ego, confidence, and the sense that the world owed them a happy life. He hadn't met Deb yet, hadn't heard

the story of Vincent's murder. How would it sound to him?

Vincent was out walking late at night (why?). He was robbed. It happens. But how often does the robber shoot their victim in the face? It was more than a robbery; Beth could feel it. No one had ever explored any other motive for the crime. But Beth could add. She knew Vince. Something happened that night.

And Beth didn't know how to explain it to Geoffrey, or even if she should try. She longed to talk about it with someone. Geoffrey, deep in a dream adventure, was breathing heavily next to her, smelling strongly of his cologne, *Makizmo*.

Yes, and that scent had to go. It had been Vincent's cologne too. Very musky and sweet. The smell of it upset Deborah, and even Deb's strange friend Leep noticed it.

Beth had a little gift for Geoffrey on the night stand. A new cologne. Musky, grassy, citrusy, fresh, and not *Makizmo*. It was called *Conquer*.

A new cologne. Beth knew how foolish it was to set landmarks in relationships, but she set one anyway.

Conquer meant both defeat and victory.

Beth moved even closer, and Geoffrey, in his peace and comfort, started to quietly snore.

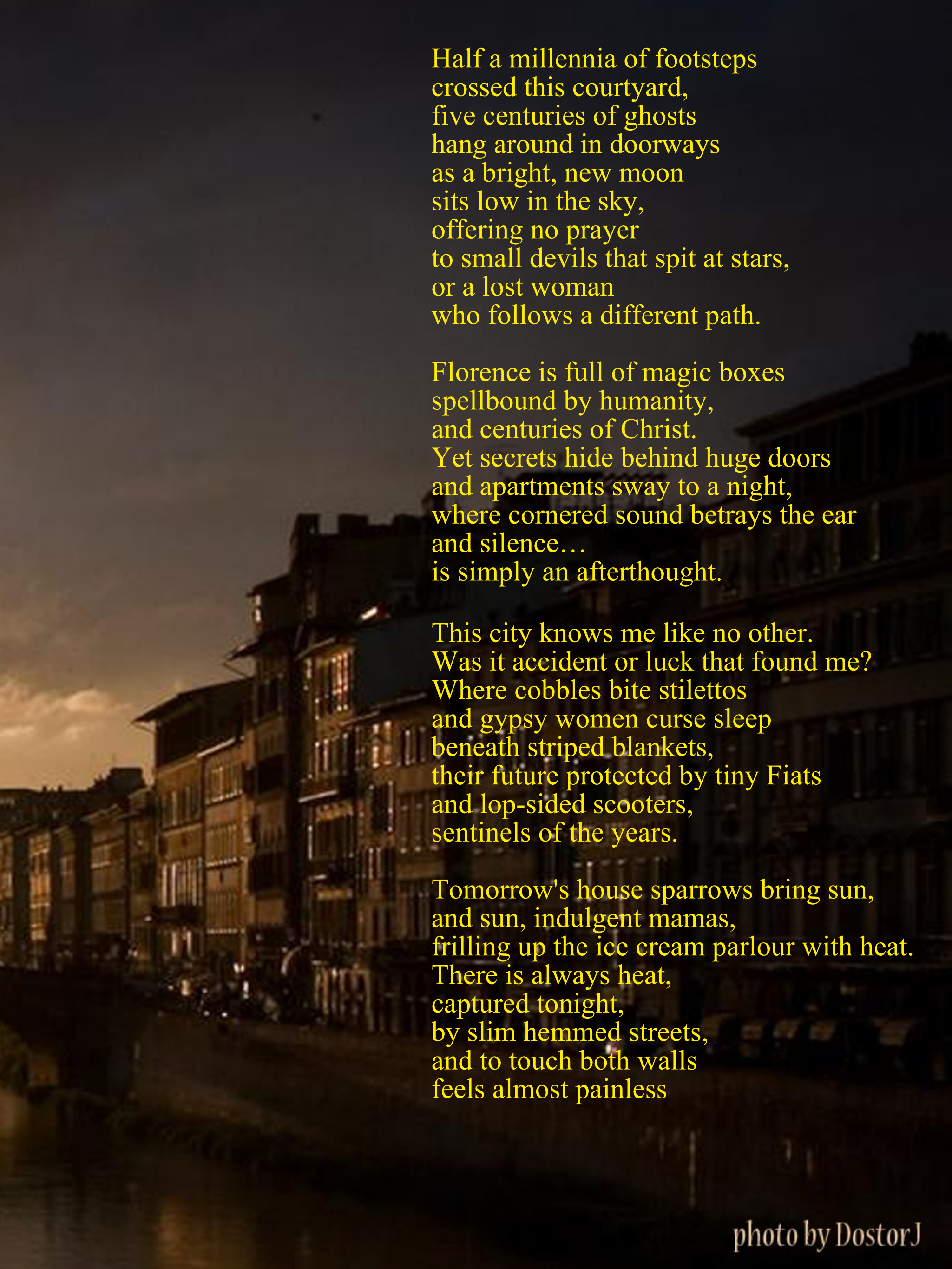
# TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



# My Florence

Eta Goldsmith






Half a millennia of footsteps  
crossed this courtyard,  
five centuries of ghosts  
hang around in doorways  
as a bright, new moon  
sits low in the sky,  
offering no prayer  
to small devils that spit at stars,  
or a lost woman  
who follows a different path.

Florence is full of magic boxes  
spellbound by humanity,  
and centuries of Christ.  
Yet secrets hide behind huge doors  
and apartments sway to a night,  
where cornered sound betrays the ear  
and silence...  
is simply an afterthought.

This city knows me like no other.  
Was it accident or luck that found me?  
Where cobbles bite stilettos  
and gypsy women curse sleep  
beneath striped blankets,  
their future protected by tiny Fiats  
and lop-sided scooters,  
sentinels of the years.

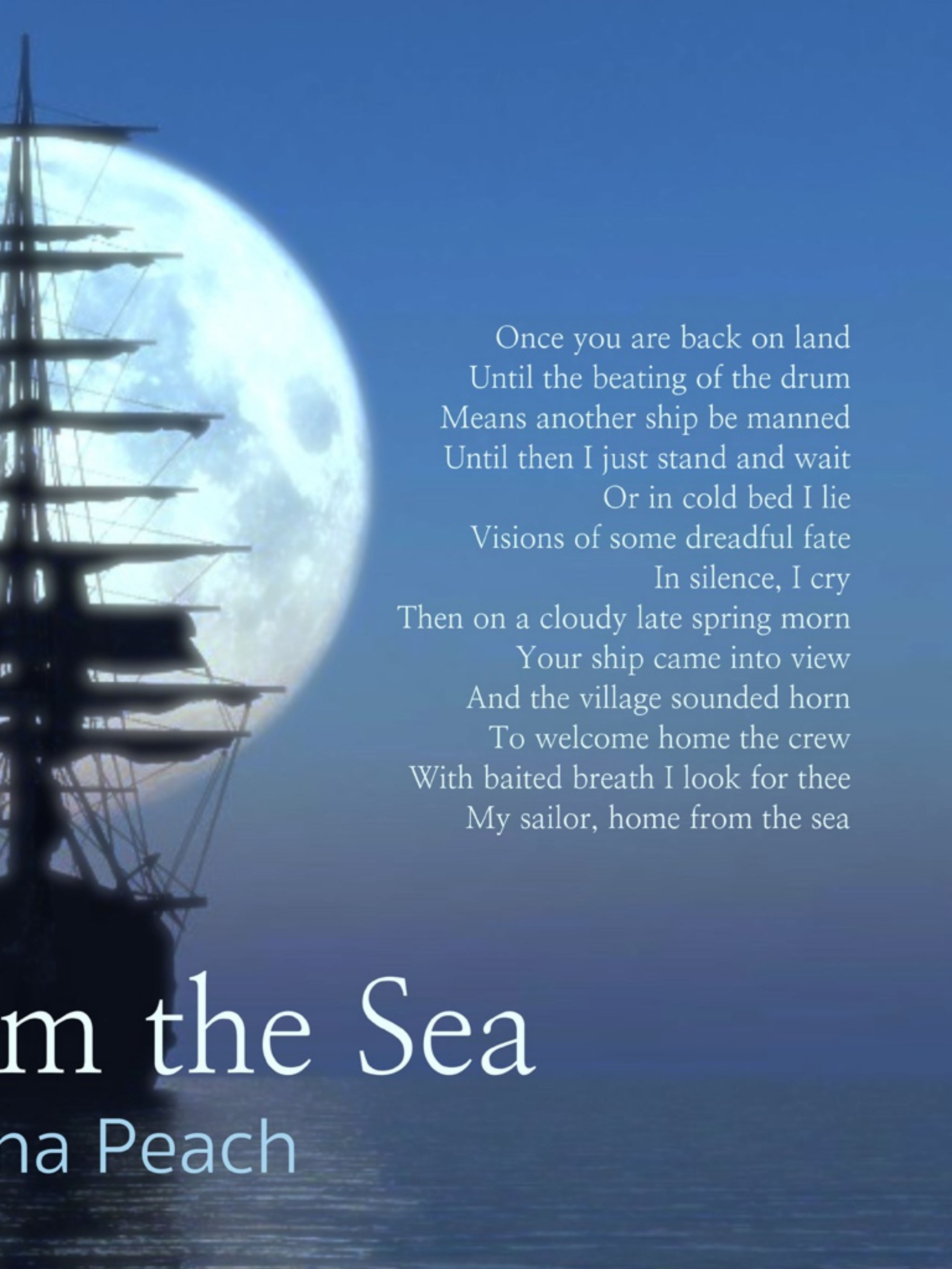
Tomorrow's house sparrows bring sun,  
and sun, indulgent mamas,  
frilling up the ice cream parlour with heat.  
There is always heat,  
captured tonight,  
by slim hemmed streets,  
and to touch both walls  
feels almost painless



I stood and watched the turbulent sea  
Clouds scudding across dark sky  
And wonder if you think of me  
As time goes skipping by  
'Twas on a cloudless summer day  
The day that you set sail  
And with exuberance did say  
You'd be back to lift my veil  
In the church upon the heathered hill  
Where we are to be wed  
Then until our breath is still  
And both of us are dead

# Home from

by Trinan



Once you are back on land  
Until the beating of the drum  
Means another ship be manned  
Until then I just stand and wait  
Or in cold bed I lie  
Visions of some dreadful fate  
In silence, I cry  
Then on a cloudy late spring morn  
Your ship came into view  
And the village sounded horn  
To welcome home the crew  
With baited breath I look for thee  
My sailor, home from the sea

m the Sea  
na Peach

# RoseDrop Rust      Decade

I have a decadent Berlin fantasy  
a steep trip down a dark alley  
dangerous, ill-advised, and blissful  
someone's hard held reality.

Where fatally bored women  
hold up buildings with their bodies  
and put cigarettes out in the street  
to prove they cannot be moved.

I work at breaking up fear,  
and stones of self-impediment  
brought up with suppression  
for I know sin and confession.

I am egg now, striving to break  
pecking at the nail shell of social  
masculinity aggressive ascension  
tired of low ceilings and caution.

My feathers shake and dry  
in the hot sunlight of exposure  
to flay out, flap, flit, and fly  
In fierce pursuit of pleasure.

# nt Dream

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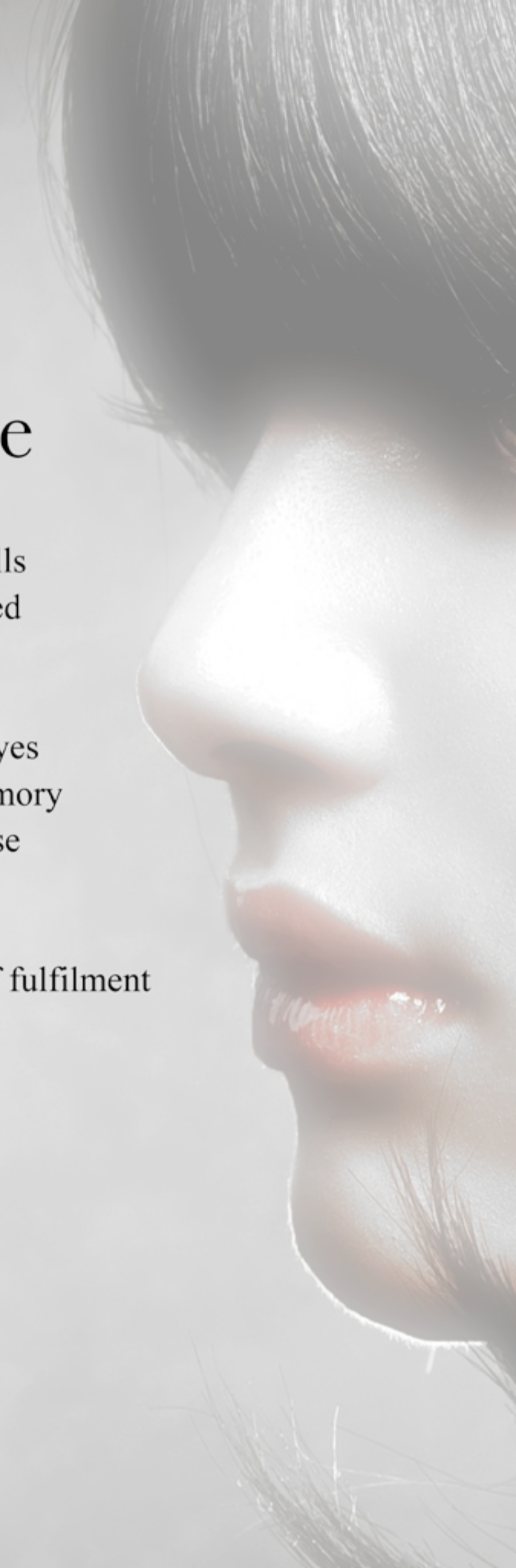
Drover Mahogany

# Stepping Aside

this mind roiled by turbulent swells  
breaching controls so long invoked  
how explain unbidden presence?

images of her dance behind my eyes  
her words echoing, lodged in memory  
a golden glow my thoughts suffuse  
carrying calmness, utter peace

to chase unceasing that dreamt-of fulfilment  
such poignant pain overlaid  
to know her mind and soul exist  
in another time and place  
forever unattainable





# CAT'S BEACH GALLERY

Second Life photography by Cat Boccaccio

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